

# John Fitzgerald Kennedy--to his memory

## Black Friday revisited the man, the memory

By BOB SULLIVAN

It has been nearly one year since John Kennedy, the brightest light of our time, was snuffed out by senseless evil on a street in Dallas. We all remember him in our own way, and that is as it must be. Here is how I remember him.

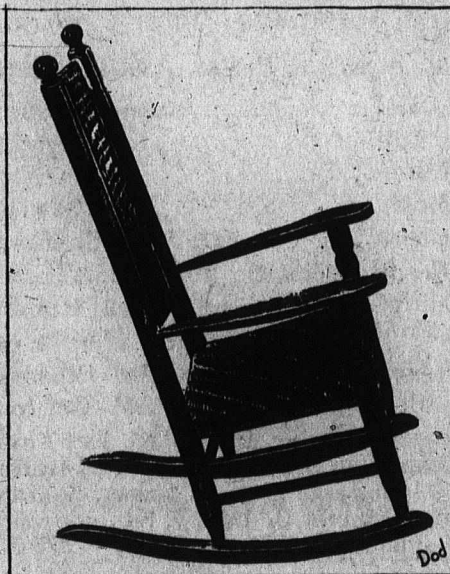
He died as he would have wanted to die—on his feet, in action, being applauded by his friends, and assaulted by his foes as he carried the word of reason and understanding to all who would hear and heed him. Even in death, he was teaching us — proving through his martyrdom the stupidity and futility of violence and venom—and proving, as he had always maintained, that the extremists of left and right, each busily denouncing each other, in reality fear reason and hate truth more than they hate each other.

The ministry and administration of John Kennedy, in little more than a thousand days and a thousand nights, breathed new spirit and quality into every aspect of American life. He wasted no time and wasted no opportunity.

He was a man of his time—and the times demanded such a man. Without his patience and strength, the hostile missiles in Cuba might never have been withdrawn, the Peace Corps might never have been created, outer space might never have been peacefully explored, and all the new and compassionate programs which are so little known but for which he worked so hard—for the mentally ill and retarded, for the unemployed and the underpaid, for the very young and the very old, for brighter cities and better farms, for more parks, playgrounds, and public works—all these might never have been enacted.

I remember those amusing press conferences and his verbal "duels" with May Craig. Once, when he addressed the first meeting of the President's Commission on the Status of Women, he said, "We have established this commission for two reasons. One is for my own self-protection. Every two or three weeks May Craig asks me what I'm doing for women." The wit as we knew it has been silenced, but it won't soon be forgotten.

For some of us who spend too much time at our jobs and too little exploring the manifestations



# STUFF

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No. 9

"... it is well that we remember him"



John Fitzgerald Kennedy -- 1917-1963

of greatness, that weekend last year provided an awakening. As always, it came too late. For those of us who seldom have the opportunity to watch T.V., J. F. K. became more alive in death than he had been in life. For hour after hour, through the marvel of electronics, we saw the President as though for the first time. His life, compressed onto the small screen, passed before our eyes, and we marveled at his spirit, his warmth, his famous humor, his brilliance. He seemed vibrantly alive, and his words had a life they never seemed to possess before. We drew strength from him, and, in a way too difficult to define, hope. Today, the lump in the throat still refuses to be downed.

Mr. Kennedy was the first President most of us remembered with our own eyes and hearts. We had heard and read of Lincoln and FDR, but we looked at, loved, and often listened to President Kennedy. He dared us to be hopeful because he was hopeful, and for three short years, we saw his hopes come true. His affable wife, those pictures of "Jack" and "John-John" at Hyannis, and Caroline

trampling the White House lawn on "Macaroni" are now but memories. He will be remembered as the President of a great nation, but to me he was more. He was the grieving father at the casket of his infant son, the pain-racked hero of the Solomons, the son concerned for his ailing father, and the husband who was so proud of his radiant and charming wife. He was the jet-age President who really made you proud to be an American. He was more than our father or brother. He was a dearly loved friend who showed he cared about us.

When we think of him, he is without a hat, standing in the wind. He was impatient of topcoats and hats, preferring to be exposed, and he was young enough and tough enough to confront and enjoy the cold and the wind of these times, whether the winds of nature or the winds of political circumstances and national danger. It can be said of him, as of few others, that he did not fear the weather, and did not trim his sails, but in-

stead challenged the wind itself, to improve its direction and to cause it to blow more softly and more kindly over the world and its people.

I often hear people say that they feel his life was so incomplete and unfulfilled. How can we think this way? We have reason to be proud and grateful — proud we elected him President, and grateful to the Almighty that we had him for three years.

We ought not deify John F. Kennedy—but it is well that we remember him. It is for the dead to inspire the living, it is for us to honor those dead.

For those who live on, Mr. Kennedy has left an obligation to finish what he began. The sorrow which had grown into the face of our young President, the wise sorrow it seemed, insists that we try.

"Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot."

How tragic it is that he died without knowing how much he was loved, or by how many.

## Columbian Players to present Becket here this evening

By JAMES R. MUTH

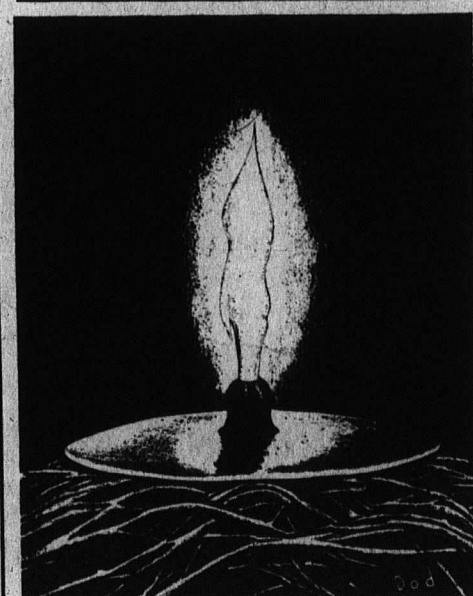
Tonight's opening of *Becket* is significant for a number of reasons. First, it will mark a "re-birth" of significant drama produced here on campus with the utilization of the talent that has always been available to the college. Much has been said by chronic fault-finders and critics in the past year about the apparent lack of courage, or worse, the indifference of the drama department. But the production *Becket* should silence such criticism and actually spur some on to a new interest in college drama, which has been enjoying something of a renaissance throughout the country.

The play itself is, of course, a historical drama; but those concerned with historicity may perhaps be disappointed that Henry II (surely one of England's greatest kings) appears to be so powerless and ineffectual, and that *Becket* is called a Saxon when in fact he was a Norman. In his introduction to the play, Jean Anouilh makes a partial apology for this; but he also says that in the play *Becket* must be a Saxon, or to put it differently, the play itself is infinitely more important than the historical events which inspired it.

History is not altogether slighted however. Anouilh's play succeeds in vividly portraying the very intense struggle between a fairly powerful king who ruled all of England and a good part of France and who was obviously concerned with his own power, and the Primate of England, who dedicated himself to the preservation of the English Church and the honor of God. The play is a nearly flawless and without question a very powerful representation of this seemingly irreconcilable conflict.

But the main theme of the play deals with the very strong and convincing friendship of a pathetically childlike Henry II and the intellectual, questioning and unsure *Becket*. They spent their carousing youth together. And when Henry became England's king, *Becket*, already a cleric, followed him shortly as England's Chancellor or Keeper of the Great Seal. Here Henry looks to *Becket* for guidance and, in accepting *Becket* as his other self, seeks the comfort a brilliant person often lends to someone less confident. Henry loves *Becket* intensely and childishly; but it is apparent that

(Continued on Page 4)





## Kennedy, the mythical light, 'the darkness grasped it not'

Ed. Note—This is a reprint of a page one editorial written last year by Staff Editor John Cates on the occasion of President Kennedy's death.

"It is a terrible and inexorable law that one cannot deny the humanity of another without diminishing one's own; in the face of one's victim, one sees oneself."

James Baldwin  
"Nobody Knows My Name"

And we all resolved to hate no more. The conservative element, through their NATIONAL REVIEW, compared the Dallas tragedy to the "Morte d'Arthur." They consented to call their arch-foe "by his office, the greatest of all in this world."

But to those of us who loved the man, those in colleges throughout the land who maintain that our generation need not be cautious, who feel that the better world must be achieved by good will toward men rather than frightened isolationism; for us, the death of John Kennedy brought more the loss of a dynamic hope than an affront to the highest office on earth.

Victor Lasky, the most recent conservative critic, portrayed Kennedy, "The Man and the Myth." And the man did remain something of a myth, even to those of us who felt that he

was right. Perhaps that is why Lasky and others could not find him right. They could not fathom goodness in a romantic image.

We all were forced to look twice to believe him—a precise and handsome speaker, the well bred and knowledgeable statesman, the American dream of the great wielder of our power—the king of the good guys.

In this inability to accept Kennedy's goodness lies the basis for his criticism. Undeniably it is hard to place faith in anything that shines so brightly. To some Arthur will never exist except in the minds of men. To others of us he appears majestically in every age to make his mark in the hearts of his people. But good, taken with qualification or without question, does, in fact, remain good; and there also remains the bad, in us all and permeating our world.

In Dallas evil somehow won out and things never can nor should be the same. Kennedy, whether you believe him to be the man or only the public relations dream, was denied the right to his race. Arthur is dead—and something of our own hope, freedom, and goodness must die with him.

## The Forum

## 2 steaming Council members feel Muddywaters is all dried up

Dear Capt. Dempster:

After reading your article I was bewildered and wondered if Stuff really was in bad shape for filling space. After ciphering out the words of a poorly written article, I found that you wondered "metaphysically," as you ineptly put it, and elaborated upon the following decisions: that because schools have relatively the same number of men we have, we should be equal to them in football; that no one cheers because girls are present; that seniors don't attend pep rallies; that members of the football team have been seen drinking alcoholic beverages; that we, the students, gave up "last year as far as this season went"; that "you've got to think big before you will be big." Now, that is a lot to say in one's first journalistic endeavor and in such a limited space. I will refute these points as one who loves Saint Joe's, who is proud to be here, and is not here mainly as a transient who has been to many schools and is impressed with the regimentation of the Armed Forces.

First of all, Capt. Dempster, the fact that all schools in our conference have relatively the same number of male students does not necessarily make us equal to them in football (as evidenced by the larger numbers on their teams). My suggestion to you is that you visit with freshmen and hope that you can pick up some points from the Logic notes.

Your contention that we do not cheer when girls were here is obviously limited by your time spent at Saint Joe's. I must point out to you that cheering is a spontaneous outburst and we are not told at Saint Joe's when to cheer and when not to. **THIS IS NOT THE AIR FORCE!**

Do seniors attend pep rallies? Here you may have a possible complaint. No, seniors do not attend pep rallies as freshmen do.

However, for one who knows few seniors, you certainly have the nerve to make this statement. May I point out to you that on one occasion when I was leaving a pep rally with two juniors they were impressed with the number of seniors present there.

Now really, Capt. Dempster, were you shocked to see a member of a football team drinking? Has anyone ever proved that alcoholic beverages in a limited number hurt an athlete?

We, the students, gave up last year on the season. Sure we did! Obviously you were not at the first pep rally. Obviously you did not know that over 400 upperclassmen bought tickets to the Valpo game in advance. Or, that we sold over 160 tickets to the Dayton game (Dayton is 250 miles away) to upperclassmen and could have sold more had they been available. Yeah, we gave up. If you would have done your research in more reliable places than bars and cafeterias where bull slings, naturally your article would no doubt have been improved.

"You must think big before you'll be big." This is obviously a military slogan that is about as useful as a grin on a possum. And, the asinine statement you follow the immediately above quoted statement with ("even if it's a lie") you certainly must have rushed upon in your exuberance as a "writer" for the first time. Or, on the other hand, maybe your article is really the nonsense you made it out to be in a preclass conversation with a student that I overheard—"Maybe this article will get this campus worked up." Fellow students, if this article worked you up, relax, it was really nothing.

Yes, I am bitter, as one senior put it. In summation, I would like to quote another senior: "Who the h--- is he to judge us."

Sincerely yours,  
James Cassin Hattermer  
Charles Ryan

## '63 St. Joe graduate writes poem dedicated to memory of Kennedy

The Old Man sauntered; mused the while,  
(Angels covet his radiant smile!)  
The cherubs joked he roamed at will  
Down many streets which baffled still,  
Not yet the time to make the rounds  
Of all celestial sights and sounds.  
His years on earth, four score and one,  
Before the Lord soft bade: "Well done."

He strolled along. A sudden shout  
Drew him up short. "What's this about?"  
He strained, to note a youngish man,  
A stalwart son of Irish clan.  
The Old Man thrilled; his smile wide  
As John F. Kennedy he spied.

"Jack, Jack," he raptured, almost loud,  
The echo dimmed by passing cloud.  
"He's joined our ranks scant moments past,  
No doubt he's puzzled why so fast.  
I think he needs a bit of cheer,  
He's frightened by this New Frontier.  
Shall I rush to shake his hand,  
To welcome him to Heaven's Land?"  
Thus mused Pope John the Twenty-Third  
As news of JFK he heard.  
"I'll wait a day-or two-or three,  
We've got time-in eternity!"  
So, chuckling at his little joke,  
He didn't hear when Michael spoke:

"Now Jack," Archangel Michael said,  
"Don't be afraid of what's ahead,  
Cause Heaven-wise, we move quite fast.  
I want you two to meet at last."

The Old Man watched the two draw near,  
He couldn't help but brush a tear,  
Not drop of grief, but bead of joy,  
As he beheld this handsome boy.

"Your Holiness,"—the knee was bent,  
The hands were clasped—the eyes intent.  
"Your Holiness,"—voice came no more,  
Jack felt alone on Heaven's Shore.

"Now, now, my son, don't fret or fuss.  
You'll soon get used to all of us.  
You're thinking of your family,  
And worried too! That need not be.

"Now take that Jackie. My! What class!  
Her sudden hurt? That soon will pass.  
Her sorrow mellow. Love's own way  
Finds solace with each dawning day.  
Pre-occupied these last few hours,  
You've not observed. Jackie towers  
'Bove all those kings and heads of state.  
They've studied her. They all say 'Great!  
They fumbled phrases. Best we've heard—  
She has majesty! Fine, fine word!

"The ring? She slipped that in your hand  
Just as you left that Texas land.  
She thought you'd like to show to me  
Your pledge of love, eternally.

"Say, Jack, this fall you planned too late.  
I thought you'd guessed I couldn't wait,  
We had that date to meet in Rome,  
No matter now. We've both come home.

"You want to chat 'bout Caroline?  
There's much to say. Shall I begin?  
My, my, she's growing! Soon be Six,  
She's full of little girl's tricks,  
A little lady, loves her brother,  
A carbon copy of her mother.  
Did you, Jack, glance down the aisle?  
See her return the Cardinal's smile?  
When he kissed her, barely seen,  
She curtsied like a little queen.

"John-John? Did you watch that tiny guy  
Salute his dad as you passed by?  
So proud! So brave! So very stout!  
'Profile in Courage'—there's no doubt.

"My son, we're proud to welcome you.  
I'll tell you first what we will do.  
Our rumor line just can't be beat,  
We hear you'll miss John's birthday treat  
Which had been planned the twenty-fifth.  
No problem there. We'll make a shift.

"The twenty-fifth's my birthday too—  
And my name's John—suppose I'll do?  
We'll light a star on Heaven's Tree  
For John-John, just from you and me.

"But hold on here. Our Michael's shout  
Says on earth they have nosed us out.  
From way, way off and down below  
I see a birthday's candle glow.

"No birthday candle gleams that bright—  
Can pierce the gloom of autumn night!  
An angel just now heard the name.  
It's simply called. ETERNAL FLAME!  
Its brilliance on Virginia slope  
Breathes Jackie's love—the world's hope.

"There now, that's better! bless that grin,  
And bless that lilt of Irish chin!"

As Jack arose and glanced around,  
He didn't catch the muted sound  
As Michael steered a cherub small  
Through Heaven's main reception hall.  
Jack was startled. A tiny lad  
Swept in his arms. "Hi dad-hi dad!"  
Young Patrick Bouvier Kennedy  
Jigged-jounced-jostled him in glee.  
He grabbed his daddy by the hand  
To show dad off in Angel Land.  
"Hurry daddy—cause you've not seen  
Our Uncle Joe and-Aunt Kathleen.

"They've 'adopted' my big sister.  
Though on earth you've really missed her,  
Gee whiskers, Dad, have no regret,  
She's Heaven's cutest majorette!"

A second time, that famous grin.  
A second lilt of Irish chin:  
"I'm gonna like it up here, lad,  
Nobody hates, nobody's sad."

Pope John chuckled, nodded his head  
As almost to himself he said:  
"For sure 'twill never be the same,  
Our Heaven's brighter—'cause he came."

by Michael Lawrence Moriarty, '63  
November 26, 1963

## What Kind

## of man

## reads STUFF?

## Send replies to:

## Stuff, Box 772

\* \* \* \* \*

## No Stuff next week

## due to Thanksgiving break

## Next issue: Dec. 10

## STUFF



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## From the Pressbox

# Cheer-up Pumas-B-ball's here Thumbs up beginning Sat.

by john halpin

While spending a "quiet" afternoon in the Notre Dame stadium, a thought crossed my mind. Saint Joseph's College is probably the only institution competing in intercollegiate athletics that has not won a competitive event on the varsity level this year. As we all know it was a long season for the gridgers, as well as the "hill and dale boys" of Coach Kemper. To start the winter season off on the same note, the bowlers have failed to hit the win column in their first two matches.

I think that almost any student body in the nation would just roll over and play dead, saying "It just wasn't our year."

But are the beloved members of our student body doing this?

No, they most certainly are not. The talk all over campus is basketball and how we should have a fine team.

Basketball practices are eagerly watched by upwards of 50 to 75 students. Saturday's Alumni-Varsity basketball game will draw an easy 700 people. I wouldn't call that an example of dead school spirit.

Now before the season gets under way, I'd just like the floor for a minute and make a few requests of all involved. First to the student body. This team has a great deal of potential but still they are going to need the 100 per cent backing of every Tom, Dick and Virg on this campus. This team will be winning this year, not every game but I'd venture to say that they will win the vast majority and will always put out their 100 per cent. Their efforts should, and I hope will, be witnessed by all 1060 of us. If you can't find time to cheer for your team, then why don't you take a pass on school here at Saint Joe's. I'm sure your not adding that much. I'll even help you pack.

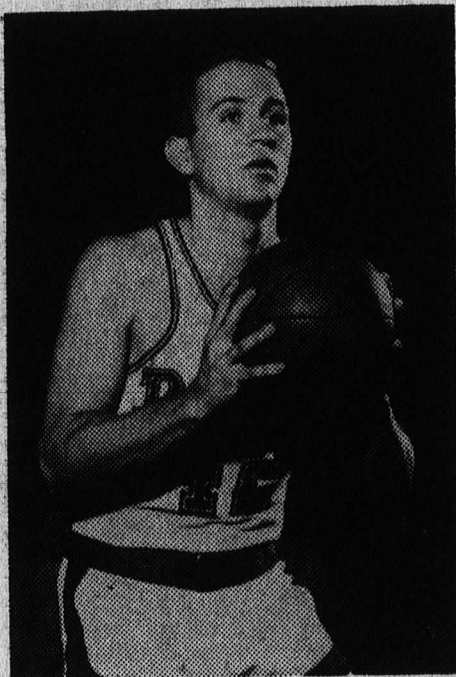
Next I'd like to make a request of Coach Holstein. If in the course of the season we should mount a considerable lead against Valpo, Evansville, Butler, DePauw, Indiana State or Ball State and you are thinking of being lenient and putting in the subs, remember two things. First, how it felt to walk to the dressing room after a football game and look up at the scoreboard and see that big 41 to 0 staring you in the face. Did they call off the dogs when we were down?

Lastly, if you will Coach, look up in the stands and see ALL 1060 of us. Notice that the signal is thumbs down! Let them see how it feels to be on the short end of this Christians and Lions game that we've been playing all year.

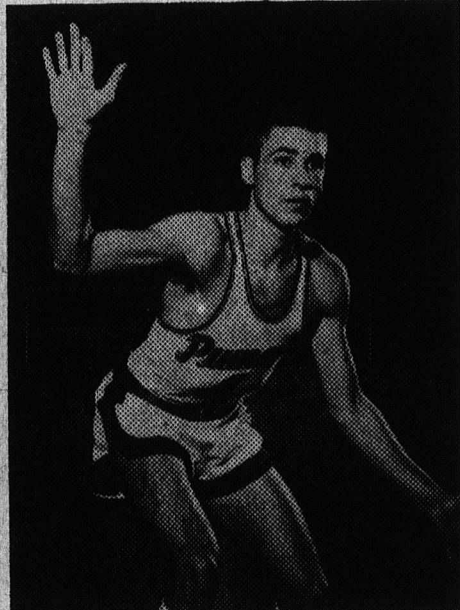
### PUMA SHORTS

The Pressbox wishes to send its belated congratulations to number 42, Tommy Conrad. Tom richly deserved the award MVP that he received at the banquet a week ago. Still I feel that this will rank second as Tom's biggest sport thrill. I thing first would have to be his 94 yard touchdown run against Ind. State. Tom took the kick-off on the 6 yard line, raced straight ahead, side stepped and straight armed his way into the open. He didn't stop until he reached the end zone, a place the Pumas didn't see too much of this year. As he took off his helmet, his expression told the people in the stands how he felt. "It finally happened. All the losses, aches, pains and frustrations were worth it for that." Congratulations, Tom, you were a credit to Saint Joe's and will be sorely missed next year.

Two kids came off the bench in the last two games and did exceptional jobs under most adverse circumstances. They are senior Bill Thumm and sophomore Mitch Dmytrow. Thumm stepped in at end when the crops were down to nihil. Bill proved a most capable replacement, playing nearly all the time on offense in the last three games. Another recruit from Siberia was Mitch Dmytrow. Mitch played a lot of linebacker in the Indiana State game. He made seven tackles and assisted in many others. Good work for a kid that has been a front row spectator in the first seven games.



GEORGE POST



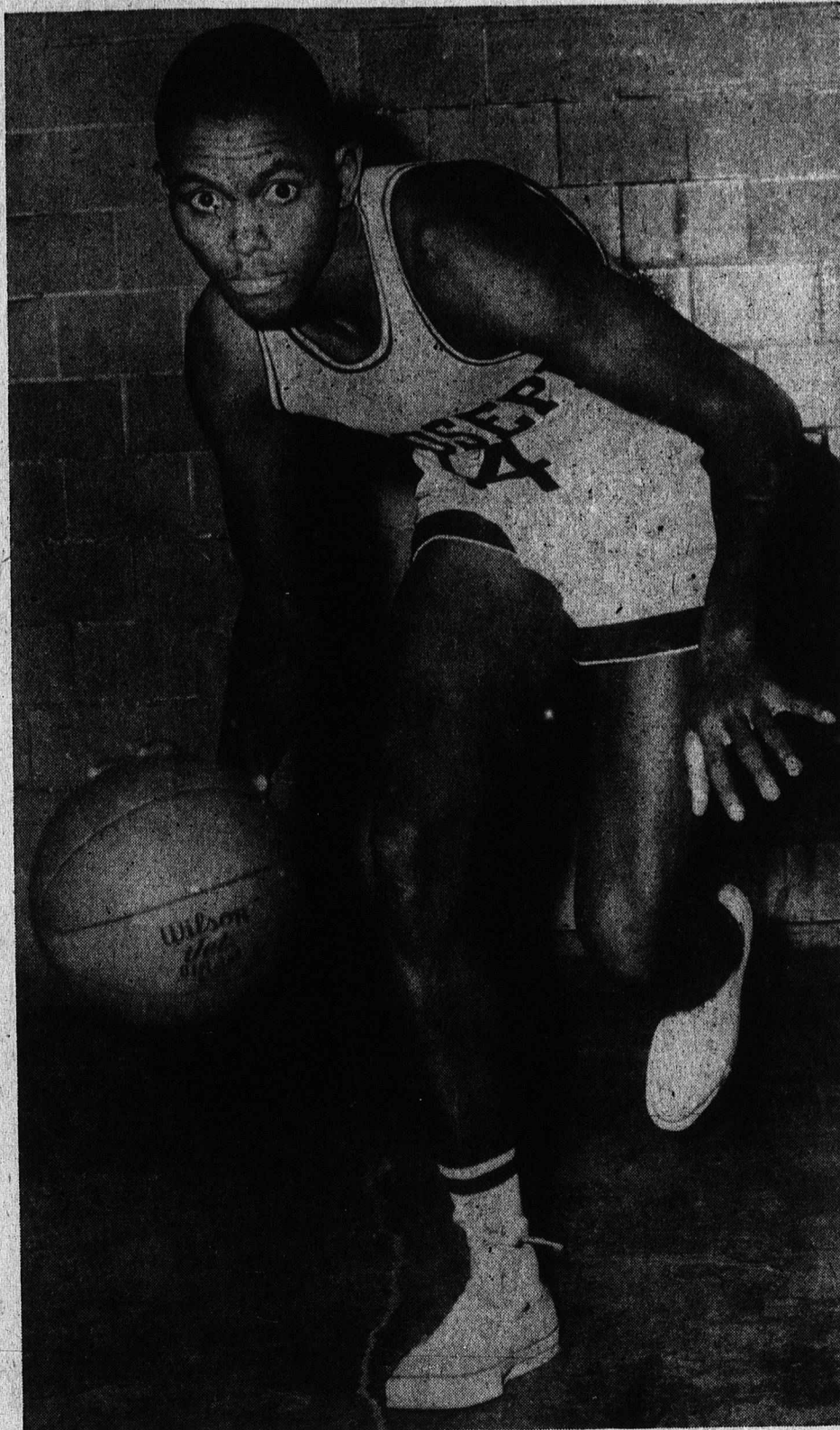
TOM CROWLEY

George Post and Tom Crowley, who were elected to the positions of Co-Captains of the 1964-65 version of the Puma basketball team. Post, a senior, and Crowley, a junior, will lead an improved Puma team in an attempt to better last year's record. The cagers will taste their first action in a pre-season game against the Old-Timers on Saturday at 2:00 p.m. in the fieldhouse.

### Photo Finishing—



Lucas and Hansell



Bobby Williams, one of many all-time Puma greats. See more of the Saint Joe Old-Timers on Saturday afternoon when the 1964-65 Varsity takes on the Old-Timers in a pre-season game at Alumni Fieldhouse.

## Intramural Scoreboard

# Megatons take IM football title, congratulations to a fine team

By JOHN O'REILLY

The Bennett Megatons defeated the Xavier Mongies 34-12 to capture their third straight I.M. football crown. It was the Megatons' 38th consecutive victory since they won their disputed title in 1962. However, in 1964, they have proved to everyone that they are the best team to play on the I.M. gridiron in many years. Those of you who know the Megatons know they are a unique group of men, to say the least. To lose was something inexcusable, to win was inevitable. The Megatons have displayed throughout the last three years some of the finest competitive spirit ever witnessed in intramural sports. They were a hard fighting team basing all their desire on perfection. They were the best team and they knew it, yet they achieved this goal without ever being labeled a "dirty team." So, congratulations again to the Megatons for fielding the greatest I.M. football team in many years.

We would like to remind you that basketball entries are due December 2 rather than December 4. Indoor hockey entries are due December 1 and rules about this new sport will be posted shortly.

### HALL STANDINGS

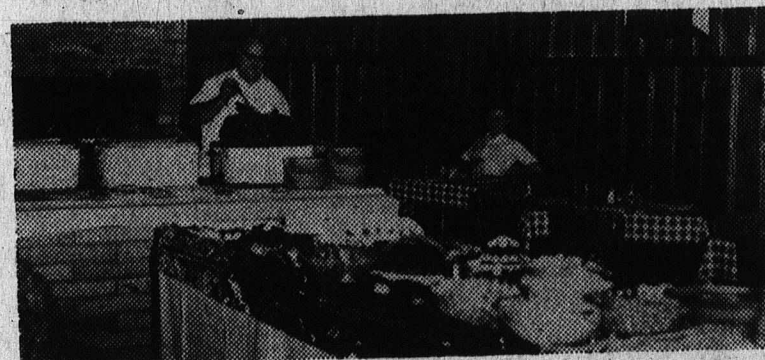
As of November 16

Xavier	378	Noll	112
Gaspar	338	White House	106
West Seifert	315	Aquinas	106
East Seifert	227	Power House	106
Bennett	225	Scharf House	106
Merlini	185	Halas	83
Drexel	181	Washburn	67
Gallagher	153		

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## 1964-65 Puma Cagers tangle with Alumni in Fieldhouse Sat.

This Saturday at Alumni Fieldhouse Coach Jim Holstein will unveil his edition of the 1964-65 Saint Joe basketball team. The occasion will be the annual Alumni-Varsity basketball game. Returning to the SJC campus will be every starter from the last five years. Their purpose will be to pose a pre-season test to this year's team.

Back on campus for the game will be such familiar names as; J. C. Crowley, Bill Braunbeck, Art Voellinger, John Lau, Beaver Marcinek, Bobby Williams, Jim O'Donnell and many others. The high point of the game will be the first meeting between the Crowley brothers, J. C. and Tom. J. C. graduated from Saint Joe's in 1962 and was a starter in all three years of varsity competition. Tom follows in his brother's footsteps in that he too is a guard, a starter for his entire varsity career and has been chosen captain on this year's team.

Coach Holstein expects to start a veteran team of Paul Zosel, Fred Farley, Lonnie Brunswick, Tom Crowley and George Post. Also assured of seeing considerable action are Ken Dockus, Joe Thompson, Carl Bossung, Larry Yeagley, Bill Williams, Jim Still and Bill Hayes.

Game time is 2:00 Saturday. Admission is free and all are invited to what should be a fine basketball game.

## A Priest?



## Who Me?

This question may be as annoying as a TV commercial, but it is a question you should ask. Does God want you to serve Him as a priest? Hundreds of college men throughout the country each year decide the answer is yes. How about you? If you would like to discuss this question confidentially with a former college grad who is now Passionist Missionary Priest,

Write:

Rev. Fr. Terence O'Toole, C.P.  
Passionist Fathers Seminary  
Warrenton, Missouri—63383



## Becket . . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

Becket is impenetrable to love, to anything, it seems, except the demands of political expediency and the preservation of his solitariness. Except for this, he is uncommitted, though he strongly desires something which will give his existence some form.

When Henry appoints Becket Archbishop of Canterbury, he expects the churchman to conform once again to Henry's own conception of Kingship and the honor of the king, something which Henry thought he could expect of Thomas. But the new archbishop now desires only the knowledge and love of the honor of God, which he must realize.

When Becket and Henry meet for the final time in France, Thomas says, "We must only do absurdly what we have been given to do." And later in the same scene he tells the disturbed and irate Henry, "I started to love the honor of God." Becket's faith is not strong, but he realizes, as does Henry, that his death is inevitable. Becket has affirmed something he does not understand; but he has avoided the negation of compromise and artificiality.

Throughout the play, Henry has an overwhelming passion for Becket, which amounts to something more than unrequited love. Some critics, in fact, have interpreted this love as basely as they were able. But nevertheless the subject of the play is the very real duality that exists in human relationships. Henry expresses his utter frustration with the enigma in the several humorous but pathetic, scenes in which he castigates and nearly disowns his vapid and boorish family. Henry also is forced to enter a collusion with the satanic Bishop Folliot of London, totally against the passion of his love for Becket.

The play is a masterpiece of humor, of dramatic power, of intelligent and intelligible modern drama, so different from the theatre of the absurd in which human relationships are denied and God is beyond the reach of man or simply non-existing. When it appeared on Broadway last year, there were few critics who found flaws and most agreed that the play is perhaps Jean Anouilh's finest and an amazingly powerful and brilliant play which can involve any audience. Except for basic subject matter, Anouilh's Becket in no way resembles T. S. Eliot's alarmingly undramatic Murder in the Cathedral, which will never cease to make students wince.

Now having disassociated the play from Eliot, I think enough has been said. No amount of talking about or completely around the play (as I have done) can take the place of the experience of the play on the stage, not in the book.

TOILETRIES for MEN  
by  
ENGLISH LEATHER  
FABERGE  
THAT MAN  
See Our Large Selection  
LONG'S  
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"Where Friends Meet"

## Fr. Bierberg, Mr. Wood on "sentimental" ideals

By JAMES SEXTON

The outspoken views of a layman and priest combined to show the necessity for "Christian Commitment" at last Monday's Dean's Lecture. Mr. Robert Wood brought out the well-known negative aspects of a Life in Christ, and rather viciously described what society calls its positive side. He contended that today's "moral prudes" who look down upon "evil people in our awful modern world" are rather poorly informed about the meaning of Christianity. Ironically he describes their "square" religiosity as follows:

"The ideal personality is presented in a St. Aloysius, more girl than man, head piously cast to the side, surrounded by roses and Cherubs—himself the perfect imitation of a Christ who appears (in the Family Rosary movies) as a no less feminine weakling who might just as well be carrying a purse. To this Christ, strong young men are asked to sing the sweet refrain To Jesus, Heart All Burning, and to His mother On This Day, and Mother, Dear, Oh, Pray For Me. What man among us can sing such sentimental 'slop' and still consider himself a man! And young men whose intellects are just now awakening are expected to believe that souls are saved by scrupulously observing a few choice 'gimmicks': running some fifty beads through their fingers (the more beads the more grace!), making the nine first Fridays (that means being physically there at mass and going through the motions of communion—consecrated, of course, by a good intention—at times, the gimmick of gimmicks); wearing the scapular (together with the First Fridays, the automatic guarantee of salvation!); releasing a purgatorial sufferer by reciting a set of Paters, Aves, and Glorias, leaving the Church building and, having stepped with both feet (an indispensable condition) outside the door (the outer door, not the vestibule), returning for the same ritual to release another soul, etc,

etc., etc. And over it all, the sweet glow of head-hanging, sentimental religiosity. Fitting culmination to a day of such "spiritual" implication is Good Night, Sweet Jesus sung as each candle is snuffed out one by one."

Father Bierberg joined in Mr. Wood's disapproval of "sentimental Christianity," and stated emphatically the challenges of a true Catholic Life. Father showed the true positive side of Christianity as a fulfillment of one's own nature. Man must unselfishly commit himself to God and his fellow man, no matter what type of life he chooses. In short, Father Bierberg and Mr. Wood see the Christian not as a self-righteous sissy, but as a man of active love.

## Math Club announces paper

The Mathematics Club has announced a contest for freshmen, much like the Hanley Science essay contest. Any freshman member of the club may pick a topic involving mathematical thought and develop it in a paper from five to ten pages long. The papers are due on the first Thursday of January, 1965. The winner will be announced at the January 14 meeting. The winner will receive \$10.00 and will present his paper at the first meeting of the Math Club of the second semester. All papers are to have a pen name and are to be submitted along with an envelope with the pen name on the outside and with the author's real name on the inside. The papers will be judged by the club's officers and the members of the mathematics department.

Mr. Paulsen was scheduled to speak at the November 12 meeting. However, due to his sudden illness, two of the club's officers presented talks instead. After Frank LeMay,

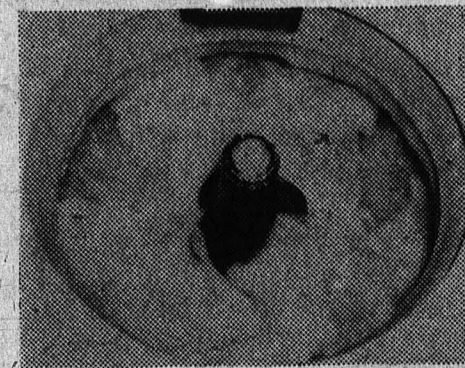
the club's president, gave an introductory talk on "The Process of Deductive Reasoning," Leonard Palicki, treasurer of the club, gave a talk on "Truth Tables." These lectures were so well received that the members decided that they would like to have a short talk by one of the members at each of the meetings. Miss Sharon Mahaffey will be the speaker at the December meeting, which will consist of her talk, a talk by Mr. Paulsen, and a coffee hour.

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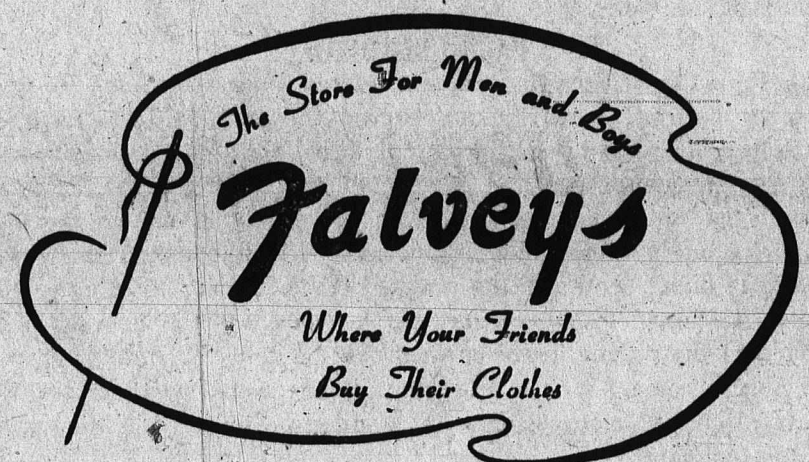
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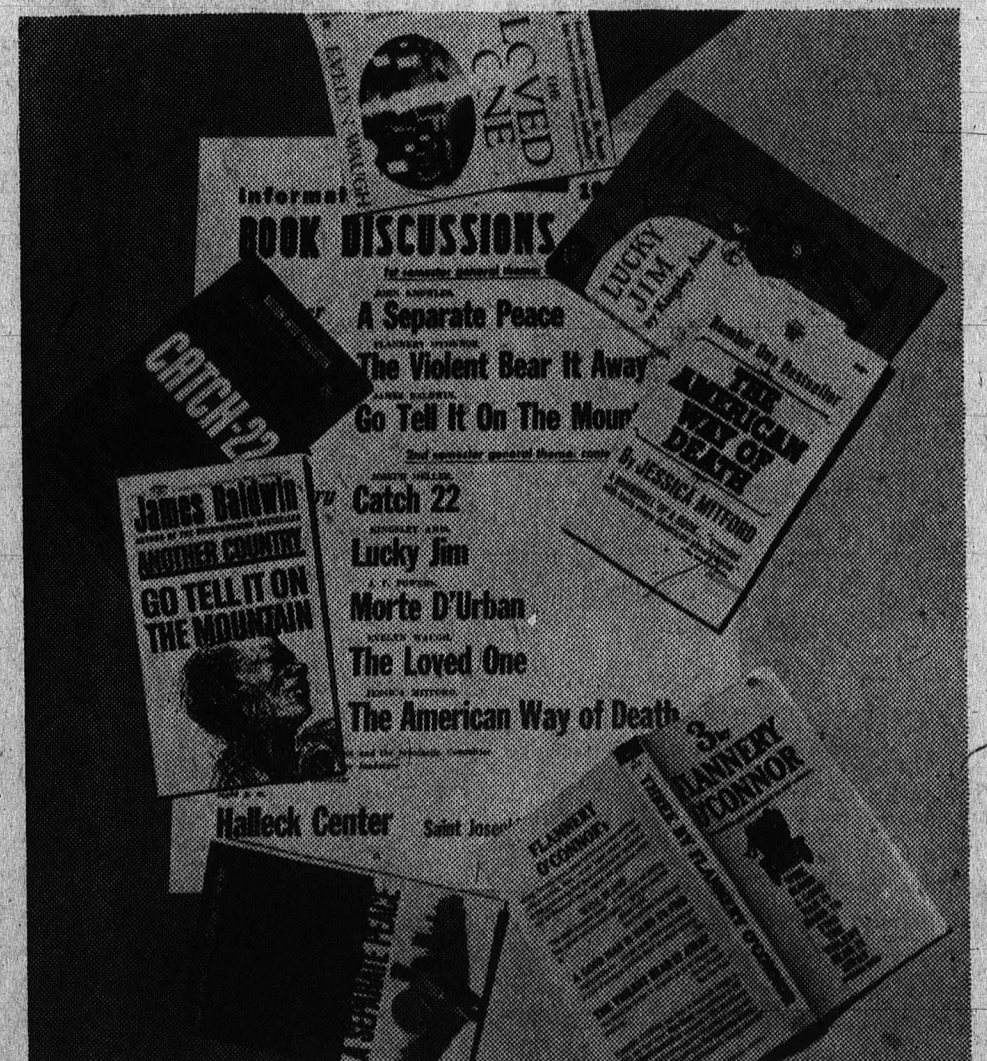
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